

THE SOUTHERN TELEGRAPH

is published every Wednesday.

BY MARTIN & BROWN,

at FIVE DOLLARS per year, in advance, or

at the expiration of the year.

No paper discontinued until all arrears

are paid, unless at the option of the editors.

Terms of Advertising.

For square of ten lines or less, for the first in-

sertion, One Dollar; for each additional inser-

tion, Fifty Cents.

To those who advertise by the year, a

liberal discount will be made.

All articles of a personal nature, whenever

admitted, will be charged double the above

rate.

The number of insertions required must be

marked on all advertisements, or they will be

omitted until ordered out, and charged for

accordingly.

* Announcing candidates: for State Offices,

\$10; for county offices, \$5.

* All Job Work must be paid for on de-

livery.

TO THE MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA.

Majestic flower! how purely beautiful

Thou art, as rising from thy bower of green,

Thou dark and glossy leaves, so rich and full,

Thou standest like a high-born forest queen,

Among her maidens, clustering round so fair!

I love to watch thy sculptured form unfolding,

And look into thy depths to image there

A fairy cavern; and while thus beholding,

And while the breeze sweeps o'er thee, matches,

flower,

I breathe the perfume, delicate and strong,

That comes like incense from thy petals' bower,

My fancy roams the southern woods along,

Beneath that glorious tree, where deep among

The unshaded leaves thy large white flower,

cups sprung.

THE LOST AT SEA.

BY J. G. ROCKWELL.

Wife, who in thy deep devotion

Puttest up a prayer for one

Sailing on the stormy ocean,—

Hope no more—his course is done.

Dream not, when upon thy pillow,

That he slumbers by thy side,

For his corse, beneath the billow,

Heaveth with the restless tide.

Children, who, as sweet flowers growing,

Laugh amid the sorrowing rains—

Know ye not that clouds are throwing

Shadows on your sire's remains?

Where the hoarse gray surge is rolling,

With a mountain's motion on,

Dream ye that its voice is tolling

For your father, lost and gone?

When the sun looked on the water,

As a hero on his grave—

Tinging with the blue of slaughter

Every blue and leaping wave,—

Under the majestic ocean

Where the giant currents rolled,

Slept thy sire, without emotion,

Sweetly by a beam of gold.

And the violet sunbeams slanted,

Wavering through the crystal deep,

Till their wonted splendors haunted

Those shut eyelids in their sleep:

Sands, like crumbled silver gleaming,

Sparkled in his raven hair—

But the deep that knows no dreaming,

Bound him in its silence there!

So we left him; and to tell thee

Of our sorrow and thine own,—

Of the woe that there befel thee,

Come we weary and alone.

THOUGHTS ON SOCIETY.

From Moral Views of Commerce Society

and Politics; by Rev. Orville Dewey.

SOCIAL EXCLUSIVENESS.

* * * "There is a certain distinction

then; there is a charmed circle, within which

the social exclusivist entrenches himself

and the circle is surrounded with an electric

chain, which sends quick and thrilling

sensitivity through every part. But touch

an individual in that society—but mention

his name, and the man or the woman we

are speaking of, feels it instantly; attention

is on the alert, the ear is open to every

word; there is the utmost desire to know, or

to seem to know, the individual in question;

there is an eagerness to talk about him; a

lively interest in all that concerns him. Is

he sick, or is he well?—is he in this place,

or is he in that place?—the most ordinary

circumstances rise to great importance, the

moment they are connected with him. But

now, do you speak of a person out of that

circle—be it of fashion, or birth, or wealth,

or talent, or be it a circle composed of some

of these; and suddenly the social exclusivist

has passed through a metamorphosis. He

pays not a word perhaps; he settles the mat-

ter briefly, and at less expense. His man-

ner speaks there is an absolute indifference.

He knows nothing about persons of that class,

who, alas! have nothing in this world to

that he scarcely more acknowledged the tie

of a common nature, than with the actual in-

terior being of the animal creation.

"This feeling of selfish and proud exclu-

sion is confined to one class. I wish we

could say, that it is limited to any one grade

of character. I wish we could say that it

did not infect the minds of many persons,

otherwise of great merit and worth. I wish

we could say that any one is exempt from

it. Living, growing up, as we all have been,

in a selfish world, educated, more or less, by

worldly maxims, we have none of us, per-

haps, felt as we ought, the sacred claim of

human nature—let our minds thrill to its

touch, as to an electric chain—felt ourselves

bound with the bonds of holy human sym-

pathy—felt that all human sympathy—felt

that all human thought, desire, want, weak-

ness, hope, joy and grief, were our own—

ours to commune with and partake of. Few

have felt this, for it is always the attribute

of the holiest philanthropy, or of the loftiest

genius. Of the loftiest genius, I repeat, for

I venture to say, that all such genius has

ever been distinguished for its earnest sym-

pathy and sacred interest in all human feel-

ing. And why should we feel it? The

very dog, that goes and lies down and dies

upon the grave of his master, will almost

draw a tear from us, so near does he ap-

proach to human affection. And when the

war horse that has carried his rider through

many battles, bows his neck, and thrills

through his whole frame, at the approach

and touch of that master's hand, we feel

something more than respect towards the

noble animal. Oh! sacred humanity! how

art thou dishonored by thy children, when

the merest appendage of thy condition, the

mere brute companion of thy fortunes, is

more regarded than thou!

"What a picture does human society pre-

sent to us! If I were to represent the world

in vision, I should say that I see it, not as

that interchange of hill and dale which now

spreads around me, but as one vast moun-

tain; and all the multitude that cover it, are

struggling to rise; and those who, in my

vision, seem to be above, instead of holding

friendly intercourse with those who are be-

low, are endeavoring, all the while, to look

over them, or building barriers and fences

to keep them down; and every lower grade

is using the same treatment towards those

who are beneath them, that they bitterly

and scornfully complain of, in those who

are above; all but the topmost circle, imitators

as well as competitors, injuring as well as

injured; and the topmost circle—with no

more to gain, revelling or sleeping upon its

perilous heights, or dizzy with its elevation,

soon falls from its pinnacle of pride, giving

place to others, who share in constant suc-

cession the same fate. Such is the miser-

able struggle of social ambition the world

over."

DIGNITY OF HUMAN NATURE.

* * * "Your neighbor is above you

in the world's esteem, perhaps—above you,

it may be in fact; but what are you? You

are a man, you are a rational and a religious

being; you are an immortal creature. Yes,

a glad and glorious existence is yours; your

eye is open to the lovely and majestic vision

of nature; the paths of knowledge are around

you, and they stretch onward to eternity; and

most of all, the glory of the infinite God, the

all perfect, all wise, all beautiful, is unfold-

ed to you. What now, compared with this,

is a little worldly ecstacy? The treasures of

infinity and of eternity are heaped upon thy

laboring thought; can thought be deeply oc-

cupied with questions of mortal prudence. It

is as if a man were enriched by some gen-

erous benefactor, almost beyond measure,

and should find nothing else to do but to vex

himself and complain, because another man

was made a few thousand richer.

"Where, unreasonable complainer! dost

thou stand, and what is around thee? The

world spreads before thee its sublime mys-

teries, where the thoughts of sages lose

themselves, in wonder; the ocean lifts up

its eternal anthem to thine ear, the golden

sun lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch

themselves above thee, and worlds rise up

on worlds, and systems beyond systems, to

infinity; and dost thou stand in the centre of

all this, and complain of thy lot and place?

Pupil of that infinite teaching! minister at

Nature's great altar! child of heaven's favor!

Most thou pine in sullen and envious mel-

ancholy, amongst the plenitude of the whole

creation?"

"But thy neighbor is above thee," thou

sayest. What then? What is that to thee?

What, though the shout of millions rose a-

round him? What is that to the million

voiced nature that God has given thee? That

shout dies away in the vacant air; it is not

point, if you are forever making compromise,

if all men do this, if the entire policy of

private life here, is to escape opposition and

reproach, every thing will be swept beneath

the public wave. There will be no individ-

uality, no hardihood, no high and stern re-

solve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dig-

nity, no glorious manhood mind, left among us.

The holy heritage of our father's virtues will

be trodden under foot, by their unworthy

children. They feared not to stand up a-

gainst kings and nobles, and parliament and

people. Better did they account it, that

their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea

in freedom—happier were they, when their

sail swelled to the storm of winter, than to

be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to

their ear was the music of the gale, that

shrieked in their broken cordage, than the

voice at home that said 'submit and you

shall have rest.' And when they reached this

wild shore, and built their altar, and

knelt upon the frozen snow and flinty rock to

worship, they built that altar to freedom,

of conscience and opinion; and their noble

prayer was, that their children might be thus

free. Let their sons remember the prayer of

their extremity and the great bequest

which their magnanimity has left us.

* * * * *

I know of but one thing safe in the universe,

and that is truth. And I know of but one

way to truth for an individual mind, and that

is unfettered thought. And I know of but

one path for the multitude to truth, and that

is thought freely expressed. Make of truth

an altar of slavery, and guard it about with

a mysterious shrine; bind thought as a vic-

tim, upon it; and let the passions of the pre-

judiced multitude minister fuel; and you sac-

rifice upon the accursed altar, the hopes of

the world!

"Why is it, in fact, that the tone of mo-

rality in the high places of society, is so lax

and complaisant, but for want of the indepen-

dent and indignant rebuke of society? There

is reproach enough poured upon the drunk-

enness, debauchery and dishonesty of the

poor man. The good people who to him can

speak plainly—ay, very plainly, of his evil

ways. Why is it then, that fashionable vice

is able to hold up its head, and sometimes oc-

cupy the front ranks of society? It is be-

cause respectable persons, of hesitating and

compromising virtue, keep it in countenance.

It is because timid woman stretches out her

hand to the man whom she knows to be the

deadliest enemy of morality and her sex,

while she turns a cold eye upon the victims

he has ruined. It is because there is nobody

to speak plainly in cases like these. And

do you think that society is ever to be regen-

erated or purified under the influence of

these unjust and pusillanimous compromises?

I tell you never. So long as vice is suffer-

ed to be fashionable and respectable—so

long as men are bold to condemn it only

when it is clothed in rags, there will never

be any radical improvement. You may

multiply Temperance Societies, and Moral

Reform Societies; may pile up state books

of laws against gambling and dishonesty;

but so long as the timid homages of the fair

and honored are to splendid iniquity, it will

be all in vain. So long will it be felt, that

the voice of the world is not against the sin-

ner, but against the sinner's garb. And so

long, every weapon of association, and every

baton of office, will be but a missile to-

gether against the leviathan, that is wallow-

ing in the low marshes and stagnant pools

of society."

LITERARY TREASURES RECOVER-

ED FROM THE RUINS OF

POMPEII.

Within these last few years, the interest

felt in the ruins of this once magnificent city,

has increased to such a degree, that nothing

has been left undone to satisfy the curiosity

of the antiquarian, or reward the researches

of the scholar. To the former have been

presented objects affording the highest grat-

ification, though accompanied with a sad